



This is no Mine ain House.

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Vivace

with my love I've chang'd vows, I like nae the bigging o't; For

now that I'm young Robie's bride, And mistress of his fire-side, mine

ain house I like to guide And please me wi' the trig-ging o't.

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Farewel then my father's house,
 I gang where love invites me;
 Strictest duty this allows,
 Sin' love with honor meets me.
 When HYMEN moulds us into one,
 ROBIE's nearer than my kin,
 To refuse him were a sin,
 Sae lang as he kindly treats me.

When I am in mine ain house,
 True love shall be at hand ay,
 To make me a prudent spouse,
 And let my man command ay:
 Avoiding ilka cause of strife,
 Common pest of married life,
 That wearies aye of his wife,
 And aft breaks the kindly band ay.